

John Paul Jones---Here Is Proof That He Lived in Fredericksburg

BY JOHN T. GOOLRICK.

Fredericksburg, Va., April 8.—The local chapter of the D. A. R. of this city recently caused to be made a very handsome memorial tablet to John Paul Jones, which the chapter will in the near future place on the house in this city occupied by William Paul, the only brother of "The Great Admiral." This house was the only home in America of this illustrious naval hero. Since the resolution of this chapter to erect this memorial has been published, a number of doubting Thomases have appeared to dispute the fact that John Paul Jones had his home here. This article is therefore written to "duly inform" these people as well as to publish certain facts in connection with this hero of the sea which are deemed valuable and important.

William Paul came to this town about 1760 and conducted a tailoring business in connection with a small merchandise store. He died here in 1773 and is buried in St. George's Church graveyard, where a moss-covered tombstone marks the spot, upon which there is inscribed "William Paul, 1773." His will, dated 1773, is recorded in this county, in which he leaves his house designated by number, to his sister Mary Young, and her two eldest children, in Arlingland Parish, Kirkbride, Scotland. John Paul Jones, in his will, devised a portion of his property to this sister, Mary Taylor, of Arlingland. From these two wills there is unimpeachable proof that William Paul and John were brothers, that William Paul lived here and that he had his home in the house described by number in his will, being the house now standing on the corner of Caroline and Prussia Streets, in this town.

In "The Pilot," Cooper edition of 1823, in which novel the mysterious pilot, its hero, was John Paul Jones, the author says:

"John Paul Jones was the most distinguished hero of our Revolutionary War. He was the creator of the American Navy. He was redoubtable upon the ocean as Washington was upon the land. He made his first voyage to America in the 'Friendship of Whittier,' and before he was thirty landed on the shores of the Rappahannock. John Paul's eldest brother, William, had previously emigrated to America and married and settled in Fredericksburg. In 1773 he went to Virginia again to arrange the affairs of 'this brother William.' There he assumed the name of Jones. Four years after he had volunteered in the cause of America, he wrote to Baron Vander Corpelow—'America has been the country of my fond election, since I was thirteen, when I first saw it.'"

In that very admirable and reliable life of John Paul Jones by Alexander Eldred Mackenzie, published in 1848, after referring to the fact that William Paul lived in Fredericksburg, it is recorded, "In 1773, he went to Virginia to arrange the affairs of his brother William, who died without issue." And in the National Portrait Gallery, 1856, it is written, "In the year 1773, we find him in Virginia, arranging the estate of his elder brother, William, who had settled in Fredericksburg and had died there without issue. About this period he added Jones to his name."

Reference is also hereby made to John Paul Jones's Memoirs, page 16. After the War of the Revolution the State of Virginia offered to give certain lands to those who served loyally and faithfully in that war and who were citizens and residents of Virginia at the time of their enlistment. For the purpose of getting this bounty land, Janette Taylor, one of the wives of William Paul, and of John Paul Jones, filed her application, 1838, as follows: "Memorial of the Heirs of Commodore John Paul Jones."

"To the Governor and Council of the State of Virginia:

"The memorial of the devise of Commodore John Paul Jones respectfully represent, that the testator was a citizen of Virginia and a resident of the town of Fredericksburg when he accepted a commission in the Continental



JOHN PAUL JONES.

Naval, dated 22nd day of December, 1775 (see Journal of Congress, Vol. I, p. 212), as first lieutenant of the Alfred, on board which ship before Philadelphia he hoisted with his own hands the flag of freedom for the first time it was displayed. That as Captain of the Ranger in Quiberon Bay on the 14th day of February, 1779, he claimed and obtained from Monsieur Le Motte Plequet the first salute the flag of the infant republic from a foreign power. That he had been residing in Fredericksburg about two years previous to accepting his commission. Your memorialists are advised that their testator being a resident of Virginia when he entered the service, and having faithfully served from the commencement to the end of the war, became entitled to the land bounty promised to all who should so serve. They therefore hope that the quantity allowed by law to officers of his rank may now be rented to them.

"On behalf of herself and other heirs of John Paul Jones."

See Executive Archives, State of Virginia, also Doc. No. 19, House of Representatives, 24th Congress Second Session.

Filed with the memorial of this niece of John Paul Jones was a letter from Judge Francis T. Brooke, of the Court of Appeals of Virginia, who was born near Fredericksburg, and whose residence, St. Julien, was nearby. His brother, Dr. Lawrence Brooke, was the surgeon of the Bonhomme Richard, the ship which another Virginian, Richard Dale, was first lieutenant.

"St. Julien, June 26th, 1835. 'My Dear Sir: I have received your letter from Richmond. All I remember of John Paul Jones, I heard from my brother, Dr. Brooke, who was the surgeon of the Bonhomme Richard, the whole of her celebrated cruise. I think I remember to have seen him, when

very young, in 1773. I was at school in Fredericksburg, and William Paul was a Scotch tailor, who made my clothes. On his death John came to Fredericksburg to administer on his property. I then saw him in the shop when I went for my clothes. On seeing his picture years after I remembered this. It is a mistake that his brother was a merchant. I do not think he remained long in Fredericksburg. The next year I think he was employed in the navy."

"Yours very sincerely,
"FRANCIS T. BROOKE.
"To General William Lambert, Richmond, Va."

In response to this memorial, with all the proofs and papers filed with it, the following order was made:
Executive Department,
"Richmond, Va.,
"December 21st, 1835.

"The heirs of John Paul Jones are allowed land bounty for his services in the Continental Navy equal in rank to a brigadier-general in the Continental service, for a service of seven years and ten months and eleven days. The register will issue a warrant accordingly, if not heretofore drawn."

"DAVID CAMPBELL."
This executive order, of course, would never have been made without full proof that John Paul Jones was a resident and citizen of Fredericksburg, Virginia, at the time of his appointment as lieutenant in the Continental Navy.
See also Virginia Magazine History, Vol. VII, No. 2.

And it is susceptible of proof, and indeed cannot be disputed or denied, that before he came here he lived in Arlingland, Scotland, where he was born, and after receiving his commission during the Revolution, his life was spent at sea. And that after the close of the war he made his home in Paris, where he died in July, 1792, in the

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forty-fifth year of his age.

This town will ever guard with zealous and vigilant care the memory of the father and founder of the American Navy and will ever cherish as a part of its hallowed history that his only home in America was within its gates, and that from here he went forth to blaze his way to glory by the very magic of his marvelous and wonderful genius.

Now, after many years he sleeps in the soil of the land he loved so much, and for which he served and suffered so much. The republic is very much indebted to General Horace Porter for his patriotic and splendid work in causing all that is mortal of this man, who is immortal, to find sepulchre within the shadow of the hall, in which naval officers are equipped to follow where Jones led. At the commemorative exercises held at Annapolis, standing by the flag draped bier of the great commodore, the general impressively said: "The history of John Paul Jones reads more like romance than reality. It is more like a fabled tale of ancient days than the story of an American sailor of only a century and a quarter ago. As light and shade produce the most attractive effects in a picture, so the singular contrasts, the strange vicissitudes of his eventful life, surround him with an interest that attaches to few of the world's celebrities. His rise from the humble master's apprentice to the command of conquering squadrons, his transition from the low-born peasant boy to the favorite of imperial courts; crouching at times within the shadow of obscurity, at other times standing on the highest pinnacle of fame—these are some of the features of his marvelous career that appeal to the imagination, excite man's wonder, and fascinate the minds of all who make a study of his life. As long as manly courage is talked of, or heroic deeds are honored there will remain green in the hearts of brave men the tollman's name of Paul Jones."

Highland Springs Social News

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.] Highland Springs, Va., April 8.—Mrs. Coplin and two daughters, of East Richmond, after several days' visit with Mrs. Fay Crutten, on Cedar Avenue, left the first of the past week for the future home.

E. M. Higginbotham, of this place, who has been away for several months on account of ill health, is now at Sandigo, Amherst county, where he has very much improved.
Mrs. D. L. Adams, of Aylett, King county, has just returned home after a pleasant visit with relatives in Richmond and Seven Pines.
Mrs. James Davis, of the Tower

House, entertained her niece, Mrs. E. W. Newell, of Pawtucket, R. I., during the past week.

Next Wednesday night a cottage prayer meeting service will be held at the home of Joe Bowles, by the Bible class from New Bridge.

The Young Ladies' Auxiliary, of New Bridge Baptist Church, held a social night at "Catalpa," the home of Mr. and Mrs. Washington Bottoms, at Seven Pines, and a most interesting meeting was held.

Bon Air Social News

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]

Bon Air, April 8.—One of the events of the past week was a most delightful tea given at the library on Thursday afternoon. Instead of an admission fee, each visitor brought a piece of china, to help fill a handsome new press, just bought and given on such occasions as this. Those calling during the afternoon were Mesdames Jones, Boschen, Bentley, Cocke, Williams, Christian, Gilman and Wherry, Misses Harriet Cocke, Francis Withers, Mrs. Boschen, Bentley, Cocke, Williams, Watson, Carrie Moore, Edith and Grace Hazen, Ida Pace, Nancy Dodds, Bessie Cocke, Manny Powers and Miss Pratt.

Robert McC. Bullington has returned home from a trip to the South.
Miss Marie Grant, of Richmond, was the guest on Wednesday of Mrs. Carl Boschen.

Colonel and Mrs. T. M. R. Talcott, Misses Harriet, Jennie and Eva Talcott, returned home the week after spending the winter in Richmond.

Miss Nellie McClure left on Saturday for Lynchburg, where she will visit through April and May.

Mr. Durrett was Colonel Talcott's guest over Sunday.

Miss Sue Powers is visiting Mrs. R. E. Bridgeforth.

Basel Jones has moved over for the summer months.

Miss Lucile Powers has returned from Forest Hill Park.

Miss Lucy Mason is visiting the Misses Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Boschen were guests in Richmond this week of relatives.

Danville Social News

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]

Danville, Va., April 8.—F. D. Swann announces, Elizabeth, to Benjamin Reese Fitzgerald, the wedding to be performed at Pelham, N. C., Wednesday, April 12.
Mrs. John F. Risson and Miss Risson are the guests of friends in Richmond.

Spot F. Pace, Sr., who was operated

on Wednesday, is improving at the General Hospital.

Miss Virginia Dances is the guest of relatives in Richmond for several days before going to Chester, Pa., to visit her brother, W. J. Dance.

Mrs. J. S. Irvin has returned after a short stay in Burlington, N. C.

Miss Kate Jones, of Richmond, is the guest of Miss Mabel Robinson, Main Street.

Mrs. J. C. Byron, of Hagerstown, Md., leaves next week for her home after a delightful stay among old friends in Danville.

Mrs. H. W. Tucher has returned after a pleasant visit to Petersburg and Chase City.

Miss Mary Cabell Wooding has returned from a visit to friends in Greensboro, N. C.

Mrs. J. K. Link and little son, William, of Salisbury, N. C., were in Danville Friday, en route to Richmond, to visit friends.

Mrs. A. V. Sims, of "Berry Hill," who has been the guest of Mrs. Rorer James, Main Street, has returned home.

Mrs. J. H. Panten has returned from a visit to her son, Cadet Harrison Panten, at V. P. I.

Miss Belle Friend is home again after a very delightful stay at the home of her sister, Mrs. J. H. Richmond, where she visited friends.

Misses Barker and Warrenton have returned to the C. E. L. after a visit to Mrs. A. B. Griggs.

Mrs. John D. Spencer and little daughter, Annie, are spending some time in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Raleigh Gilliam, of Farmville, who has been the guest of Mrs. F. M. Hamlin, Easton Avenue, has returned home.

Edwin Harvie is spending the week-end in Charlottesville.

John Ferguson is spending several days in Charlottesville.

Miss Florence Woolfolk is the guest of Miss Byrd Law, in Culpeper. Several affairs have been given for her.

Dr. Howson, of the United States Navy, is at home on a short leave.

Miss Prilee Hodnett and Miss Kate Price, meeting next week for Summersville, S. C., where they will be the guests of Mrs. George L. Price.

G. O. Tuck, of Louisville, Ky., was in the city this week visiting relatives.

Gordonsville Social News

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]

Gordonsville, Va., April 8.—Henry Robertson, of Clifton Forge, was a guest this week of his aunt, Mrs. B. D. McAlexander.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Holladay have returned from a visit to the former's sister, Mrs. Paul Harris, at Holladay, Va.

Linwood Davenport, of Gladstone, visited his sisters, Misses Lottie, Pearl and Grace Davenport, here this week.

Fenton Jacobs, of Richmond, visited his mother, Mrs. W. F. Jacobs, here this week.

Frederick Green, of Richmond, was a visitor this week at the home of Dr. J. W. Scott.

Oscar Watson, of Richmond, was a visitor this week at the home of N. A. Linney.

L. J. Faber was a Charlottesville visitor on Thursday.

Mrs. C. H. Leavelle, of Baltimore, is on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hall, in the city.

Mrs. M. L. Faber and daughter, Miss Edna, returned Thursday from Roanoke, where they have been spending the winter.

Mrs. Sidney Wood left this week to spend some time with her daughter, Mrs. P. S. Lewis, in Chattanooga, Tenn.

Mrs. J. S. Jackson left on Wednesday to visit relatives in Louisiana county.

Malvern Hill Social News

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]

Malvern Hill, Va., April 8.—J. M. Gill, C. Hill Carter, A. P. Johnson and H. S. Saunders will undertake road improvement work on the public highway, leading from the Henrico county line toward the courthouse, for a distance of five or six miles. They will furnish their own teams, and labor force of cost to the county.

A. F. Greeley, of "Westbury," is the guest of his daughter, Mrs. D. D. Kins, near Richmond, in Henrico county.

T. L. Walker has recently disposed of his farm and store property at Rossbury, to the Looming Lumber Company, of Providence Forge.

Miss Mary R. Carter has returned to her home, "High Hills," from a visit to friends in Richmond.

C. S. Clark, of Richmond, spent Sunday with his parents at Hardens.

The Bouquet of a Life's Friendship

BY ADA PATTERSON

"She's getting on my nerves," complained a small, sensitive girl of her chum.

"Why?" I asked.

"I get tired of hearing her talk about her fiancé all the time. She can't finish a sentence without speaking of Jim. I'm engaged, too, but I don't do a continuous monologue about Charlie. I know Maude's nice girl, and I'm pretty, too, or rather she would be pretty if she smiled often; but her solemn face gives me the blues. When we go shopping she won't let me have a thing when we can make bargains because, she says, they're not smart. I used to think she was bright, but I'm finding out she's really rather stupid. I wouldn't say such things about my friends, for generally I like Maude very much, but—"

"But," I repeated. "How often do you see her?"

"Oh, she runs in to see me two or three times every day, and I go over to her house at least once every day."

"That is three or four times too often."

"You don't mean that we ought not to see each other every day?"

"I do, and especially if you are getting on each other's nerves. Haven't you thought that perhaps you were becoming as heavy weight on Maude's nerves as she is on yours?"

"I hadn't thought of that."

"I think so," I advised. "The truth is, you are both concentrating your faculty of friendship on one person. That is a mistake."

And so it is a narrowness, irritating mistake. You would not think of planting a garden with one kind of bloom, no matter how greatly you preferred that sort of flower. You would not keep always on your desk a bunch of violets, nor on your table a cluster of roses. You would gather and spread about you flowers according to season or circumstance. Now the friendships of a lifetime are a bouquet of many sorts of flowers. It would be a one-sided, incomplete life that was made of flowers of but one color and fragrance.

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We need not one friend, but many friends in the harvesting of life's experiences. For in one person one helpful quality predominates, in another, another, and their combined virtues are the bouquet of our life's friendships. It is one of the inevitably disappointing truths that all our friends are human, and that so human and faulty are we that when we are constantly surrounded by those limitations they irk us. The remedy is in not letting ourselves be constantly reminded of them. There is an "adage" warning against the continuous association that surely causes contentment.

My small friend was seeing too much of Maude. She had stepped upon the horns of her friend's limitations. If the girls had met, exotically, once a week, had enjoyed a walk, a matinee and gone to a church service together, the need for human contact and the human outpouring of experience would have been satisfied. She would have enjoyed the semi-weekly bulletins about Jim. She would have thought her friend's penance features classic, and the budget of news and impressions Maude had gathered since their last review of events in their girlish lives would have been entertained instead of boring her. She would have sought her comfortable instead of irritating, brilliant instead of stupid.

In the bouquet of friendship we enjoy the exquisite, exotic orchid and the splendid gardenia. Rare beauty of person or splendor of mind are stimulating. Our lives are richer for having known the human beings who are so different from these. But we need, too, the commoner, softer beauty and more delicate fragrance of the violet, the humble, everyday qualities of the less gifted friend. We need the sturdy fibre and wholesome fragrance of mignonette. Even the brilliant commonness of the daisy, the hollyhock is not without its place.

The friend whose surpassing beauty was the picture that lives vividly and always in memory, the woman whose household virtues were and humbly helpful as her own tender spirit; the woman who lacked the perceptions, but was genuine as the sunshine itself, and the woman of low station, but of strong and lasting spirit. We have had all these friends, and we have needed them all.

The orchid's brilliant beauty and the gardenia's heavy fragrance pall give us too much of them. The violet's unobtrusiveness becomes too obtrusive. The hollyhock's commonness exasperates. The mignonette's lowliness invites indifference, seen too often.

So because of our own limitations we weary of the beauty because we touch upon her vanity; the humbly good person because she seems to lack spirit, and the joyous person because we more than suspect that she is frivolous. We take the boundaries of what Carlyle called the "mean impressions" of our friends; we reveal our own "mean impressions" be wearying.

But until we grow nobler we are not fitted for too constant association nor exceeding intimacies. Aloneness is the best in the growth of the soul. Society is merely its occasional exercise ground.

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